



The Conservation Front

by DICK WESTWOOD

There appears to have been a cease fire, or armistice of some sort on the conservation front recently. At least there have been few urgent battles to fight. Congress has been pre-occupied with other issues and there is relatively little pending legislation of a controversial character in conservation. The proposal for Echo Park Dam in Dinosaur National Monument has not been brought in in the form of a bill as yet. Apparently the proponents are busy building a back fire against the widespread sentiment conservationists have created against this invasion of a National Park Service area. Recently a party of Colorado officials taken into the Monument, emerged declaring themselves in favor of the Reclamation Service's dam program. Also current economy sentiment in Congress would make this a poor moment to seek the large funds necessary for this program.

There have been some appropriation crises, but these will have been solved, one way or the other, by the time this issue of the NEWSLETTER reaches members. One of these crises was the cutting from the Interior Department's appropriation an item of \$264,000 for river basin studies from the fishery and wildlife point of view. This would hogtie conservationists in seeing that values other than power and irrigation are given proper evaluation in river basin developments. It would set back conservation a long way if the ground gained with great difficulty were now cut from under us in this fashion. The Reclamation Bureau and the Army Engineers would then be able to go their merry way unhampered by any concern for fish, wildlife or any other basic conservation matter.

A minor but important item has been allotment of a larger percentage of the income from the sale of the Migratory Bird Hunting Stamp, or "duck stamp," for enforcement. It looked as though any increase over the 10 percent allotment would be impossible when the Senate Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce showed a disposition to sit on the bill proposing increase to 25 percent for enforcement. Then the bill, with the allotment cut to 15 percent, which is better than nothing, was approved by the committee and will doubtless be passed by the Congress.

The House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries has been helpful in trying to perfect legislation that would establish a federal refuge protecting the near extirpated key deer in Florida. Congressman Bill Lantaff of Florida has spear-headed this and there is fair hope that the handful of little deer left may be preserved. Meanwhile they are being pro-

(Continued on page 5)

The Cleveland Museum of Natural History Interprets the Out-of-Doors

by HAROLD E. WALLIN

Curator of Outdoor Education

This is the story of a cooperative enterprise between a Park Board and a Museum of Natural History — as far as we know, the only one of its kind in the country.

We are a small museum located in a "turn of the century" mansion not far from the downtown area. In the course of our 30 years of existence a great quantity of material has been collected, and the exhibits grew in proportion to the number and nature of the specimens acquired. The exhibits were interesting and informative but there was no attempt at unification. A tour of the museum was a glimpse at materials of Africa, South America, islands of the south seas, and various areas of North America.

Recently a great deal of thought has been given to the museum and the story it should tell. It was felt that we were too small an institution to do a good job of interpretation of all the world, and the decision was made to limit ourselves to the study and display of the natural history of the area within a 30-mile radius of downtown Cleveland. With this objective in mind the exhibits have all been redone. Each room tells a portion of the story of natural history, but each is related to the preceding and following in a logical scientific fashion, done with modern techniques and bright colors.

The culmination of the tour takes place in the Ecology room, which attempts to tie the whole together by presenting the way in which plants and animals live together, and for what reasons. We are very fortunate in northern Ohio to have access to some very good forest types and wildlife communities, and we are able to show in this room the components of a number of such communities and how they pass through stages from one to another until the final type that can be supported by our climate is reached, the Beech-Maple Climax Forest.

This development within the museum, to show a definite and interrelated story of the area in which we live, is a fairly recent one. However, through another phase of the program, it is one that we have been telling for the better part of 20 years. It has been through a contract with the Cleveland Metropolitan Park Board which delegated to us the interpretation of these natural areas that we have been telling this same story.

The Cleveland area sits astride the natural physiographic division between the east and the middle west, so that the plant

(Continued on page 2)

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CLEVELAND MUSEUM. (Continued from page 1)

and animal life of the two regions is well represented. The Metropolitan Parks encircle the metropolitan area with a necklace of green, studded with nine major reservations totaling approximately 14,000 acres. The reservations are so situated that portions of plant and animal communities representing both the east and middle west are preserved and made accessible for all who care to observe them.

The climax forest, or the final stage of development of plant and animal life for this region, is the Beech-Maple Forest. This is well represented in one of the reservations to the east of the city, about 14 miles from downtown Cleveland. Here are the large beeches and sugar maples, as well as the trees associated with them. It is in this forest that the best displays of spring wildflowers are to be found, for they thrive in the middle acid mulch produced by the decaying of the leaves of these trees. The bird population is that of a high closed forest — the red-eyed vireo, the scarlet tanager, wood thrush and many others. May I say at this point that in the 20 consecutive years in which a bird nesting study has been conducted in a 65-acre tract well crisscrossed with foot and bridle trails and heavily used, very little change has been observed in either the total number of birds or the number of species that have nested from the beginning of the study until now.

About 15 miles west of the city is a reservation located in a valley. Through this valley flows a fair-sized stream that overflows its banks at intervals during the year. This influences the plant and animal life to a considerable extent. The typical bottomland plants are found here, sycamore, cottonwood, elms, and Ohio buckeye. The stream edge and wading birds are to be found here; the raccoon, muskrat, and mink can be seen along the river's edge. The vegetation of summer is rich and dense. This is a Flood Plain Forest.

To the south about the same distance is a reservation deeply cut by small ravines with well drained ridges between them. On these dry ridges grow the oaks and hickories. The decomposing leaves of these trees produce an acid soil which supports a still different kind of ground cover — mosses, partridgeberry, low bush blueberry, and wintergreen. The blue jay competes with the red squirrel for a winter's supply of acorns.

In several of the reservations are remnants of the kind of vegetation that once covered our region much as it does at higher elevations or farther north, a type of forest that is known as the Lake Forest Association. The edges of steep ravines afford a foothold for hemlocks and a stand or two of white pine. Here the Canada mayflower, the lady's slipper orchid, and the black-throated green warbler are as much at home as they are in more extensive forests of the same type.

The job of interpretation of the park areas follows the underlying thought that plants and animals do not live just anywhere, but are found in certain associations for very specific reasons. Our trailside museums are located each in a different type of community, and the specific job of each is to interpret its immediate environment. In the Metropolitan Parks the North Chagrin museum interprets the Beech-Maple Climax Forest, the Rocky River museum tells the story of the Flood Plain Forest, and the Brecksville museum concerns itself chiefly

with the Oak-Hickory Forest. Through a similar contract with the City of Cleveland, a trailside museum is operated in a City Park. Since this one is located on the shores of Lake Erie, its theme is the interpretation of the lake, its waters and beaches. The limitations of interpreting a single region are emphasized, and visitors are urged to see the other museums for a better understanding of the entire area.

We feel that this not only gives a better understanding of the entire region, but helps to increase park attendance and stimulates intelligent use of wilderness areas.

Wherever it is possible the trailside museum attempts to serve as a nature center for the communities immediately adjacent to it. Its programs and exhibits are designed to interest not only the casual visitor, but to stimulate repeated visits by those who use the park regularly. Suburban newspapers are supplied with news items of activities, local clubs for both children and adults are urged to use the facilities and call upon the naturalist staff for assistance, local schools are invited to send classes on field trips in the park and to visit the museum. When we hear someone remark, "This is almost as good as our museum," we know we are dealing with a regular visitor at one of the museums and can see the results of our attempts at community service.

By emphasizing the local picture we are able to call upon organizations within the neighboring vicinity for assistance in various phases of the program. The Brecksville Garden Club considers serving hot refreshments to all who attend the winter hikes part of their community service. Certain mothers' clubs have their members take turns picking up children for the summer Explorers Clubs. Local amateur naturalists enjoy helping with leadership on various hikes and walks, as well as co-operating in little research problems in the field of their special interest.

Regular classes for children are held throughout the summer. These are conducted by the resident naturalist, who is frequently a college student or teacher who has the summer free. The groups are divided both by age and by abilities. It is through these groups that we hope to spread through the community the greater appreciation and understanding of the out-of-doors, and the more intelligent use of park areas. It is through these groups that we hope to train leaders and teachers for camps and other organized groups. From among these children we can select the junior naturalists who can help now, and who will carry on the program in years to come. These children are urged to continue their interests and training at the main museum during the school year, and thus increase their knowledge and usefulness.

The trailside museums are open daily throughout the summer. During the spring and autumn they are open weekends. During the spring season, a series of bird walks is conducted in nine different places simultaneously, and three wildflower trails are kept labeled. In autumn a series of walks is held, mainly in the parks, emphasizing geology, and another series dealing with trees and autumn coloration. The winter walks are limited to one reservation, and here, from a building that is heated by both a fireplace and a furnace, a walk is led every Sunday afternoon through January and February.

Thus the Cleveland Metropolitan Parks, the Cleveland City Parks, and the Cleveland Museum of Natural History are co-operating to give Greater Clevelanders a better understanding of the area in which they live. Thus the museum can, through its exhibits in cases and the living exhibits in the parks, better fulfill its objective as a center of interpretation of the Natural History of the Cleveland Region.

Along Nature's Path

by CHARLOTTE GREEN

— continued from Spring issue —

Thus, we learned something of the routes of the birds that went south for winter, and later, those that came down from the North to winter with us — and lo, Bird Geography was born! When the "Bird of the Week" was over, it was moved up to the Frieze, and some one else's bird was put up for intensive study. By the end of the school year, most of the children were pretty well acquainted with about 40 birds, while the "owner" of a particular bird continued his special study of it, becoming quite an authority. I borrowed extra books from the village library, magazines from friends, even cajoled another friend to lend me his field glasses for a week. (My \$10.50 a week didn't even aspire to such.) Throughout the year I became a shameless scavenger for "my 57."

The children became keen observers. That was before the days of school busses, and they walked anywhere from 1/4 mile to 2 1/2 miles to school — and saw much on the way. Frankly, I'd rather have a child walk 2 1/2 miles twice a day, than ride a school bus 30 miles twice a day. How thrilled I was when they would bring in some observation of their own, as in the spring, when one child announced that the baby Chickadees looked like the parents, but Bay Chipping Sparrows did not! She knew, because she'd seen the young of the Chickadees when they nested in the hollow stub near the spring, and the young of the Chippies when they came with the mother to the feeding-shelf at the window. Such an observation made by a child himself, is worth treble any that is pointed out to him.

Most of the girls chose the attractive song birds for their "own bird" but the boys preferred the Wild Hawks, Eagles, or Owls. In fact, there was quite an argument over "whose bird" the Bald Eagle was to be. Finally Bobby claimed it by right of possession, as a pair had nested for years in a tall dead tree on the edge of a gorge on his farm. Owls made interesting studies, because we learned about pellets, and something of their contents, thus learning that most of the food of many of the species was rodents. It came as a surprise to those country children, and to their parents, that the barn owl, which they'd always shot at sight, fed mainly on rats and mice and so were really assets to the farm, as were the so-called "chicken-hawks." Thus they were learning something of the balance of Nature, and of food-chains.

What we did with birds, we did also

with trees. Briefly, each child chose his own tree. If it were a deciduous one, there was still time in the fall, to know the tree in its green foliage, autumnal coloring and in winter, when it was bare. Throughout that long, northern winter such trees, to those children, were not something cold, bleak and dreary. Instead, they sought out the tree's beauty of bark and spray and outline; learned of the winter buds, and how they really contained next spring's bloom and leaves; learned about leaf-scars and bundle traces; something of the fruit of those that held their fruits into the winter, as the Sycamore, the Tulip trees, the Nut trees. In the spring they observed the unfolding of the leaves, their delicate coloring, and were surprised at the exquisite mauves, inks, lavenders, bronzes, carmines, as well as some of their furry textures. Thus, color and texture and form were added to their consciousness.

When spring came, we once walked five miles to see a Dogwood in bloom. Flowering Dogwoods are rare in western New York, but the children had become intrigued by the picture of the Dogwood flowers in Keeler's *Our Native Trees*. Another time we took a long walk to see the largest tree, a Scarlet Oak, reputed to be between 300 and 400 years old. That was an autumn day, with gorgeous coloring and the blue lake in the distance. We tried to imagine all that the tree might have seen happen. Indians may have held council in its shade and some of them may have climbed to its top and looked out on the distant lake and seen the French Voyageurs, their canoes keeping close to shore. Or, as tradition says, Washington and his men, going to Marcelona, from where they portaged to Lake Chautauqua and down the Allegheny river to Fort Duquesne. Or later settlers, on the way west, may have rested beneath its shade, for strange to say, this hill road was built before the one following the lake shore. And so, Tree History was born.

Later in the spring we returned to see the same tree in its spring unfolding, and found that a few days before the owner had cut it because he wanted to build a pig pen there. We were all distressed and indignant. "Just think," I said, "it took Nature, with her aids, the good earth, sun and rain and minerals three or four hundred years to grow this tree and . . ."

"An' it probably took that damn fool Jabez Crocket, 3-4 hours to cut it down" interrupted Aloysius, a bit crudely, but to the point. And so was born in those children a sense of time, and something of the feeling for conservation, though we were not even aware of the term.

Trees and birds, in particular, were correlated with almost every subject. That was before the days of modern Progressive Education with its "activities," "projects," and "units." Correlation was the big word in pedagogy, and so we had trees and birds and flowers and animals in geography, in spelling, in history, in drawing, in composition. We even had trees in physiology, for when we had lessons on the circulation of the blood and something about sap at the same time, the children became curious about the similarities and differences between the two. We were in a "Sugar Bush Country" so they were familiar with the sap run. Somewhere I had run across Father Tabbs' delightful verse — and the children loved it, and learned it.

*This is the way that the sap-river ran
From the root to the top of the tree*

Silent and dark,

Under the bark,

Working wonderful plan

That the leaves never know,

And the branches that grow

On the brink of the tide never see.

We had Nature Spelling Bees. By spring I'd borrowed an old magnifying glass — a Botany lens was beyond me — and the children became fascinated with the beauty and mystery and golden magic of pollen and the parts of flowers. Such words as stamens, anthers, stigma, pistils, petiole became somewhat familiar as did the terms mandible, primaries, and such with birds. Whenever we came across such a word (and children like new words) I'd write it on the board, in a special corner where it would not be disturbed. Since such words were not required in their regular spelling lessons, some thought it fun to learn them, and the older girls in particular developed a friendly rivalry about them. Some times, on field trips, we'd have a Nature Spelling Bee, while resting under a tree.

Always, too, on such trips, each child watched out for his own tree and bird — if it were the right season. Of course, some had too vivid an imagination, but I tried to emphasize the importance of being *very sure* what they reported, though also remembering some of the precepts of pedagogy about not being too critical of a child's observation. Some, though, like Martha and the Bird Calendar, were too anxious to see their name in print. But nothing stumped Martha. There came the day when she reported the scissor-tailed flycatcher — on one of the blizzard days of winter. When I firmly insisted she must have been mistaken, that I doubted if one had even been reported in New York State, certainly not in winter, she insisted, "I did so, see it." The only reason Martha did not report

continued on page 4

Along Nature's Path

continued from page 3

seeing an Emperor Penguin in the hills of western New York was that Reed had carelessly left them out of his *Land Birds of Eastern North America*.

In the spring we had a Wild Flower Exhibit at school. We had been ranging the fields and woodlands, the swamps and creek banks, for wildings and had brought back quite a creditable showing. With some of the common ones, as Violets, Bloodroot, Fawn Lilies, we brought roots and earth, put them in berry baskets, and planted them in the little school Wild Flower Garden. But we were careful not to pick but one specimen for the Exhibit, of the rarer ones. Those "we left to bloom again another year."

We were unable to identify all of them, but we named those we could, and just bravely displayed the others. In trying to identify them, some of the older children became aware of the scientific names in that half-flower book. Not knowing too much about nomenclature myself, I explained them as best I could. I recall how excited Johnny French got over the name of the common dandelion *Taraxacum officinale*, saying, "Hully gee, ain't that a pippin'!" Next day he came to school announcing they had a new calf — yellow as a dandelion — and he was naming it "*Taraxacum officinale*." "Taraxy" became quite popular.

We had invited the parents, and also the teachers and children from two neighboring districts. The parents were surprised. "Why, we never knew there were so many pretty flowers growing around here." I'd brashly invited the district superintendent, and the Wild Flower Exhibit made a hit with him, as he'd been interested in our work in Nature Study "starting from scratch." Because of that work, he'd suggested my name for a Grange Scholarship to the Chautauqua Institute Summer School — where I met a man named Green. So you see that from the beginning Nature Study played an important role in my life.

And so, in that long ago year, a new world opened to all of us, and I think the teacher learned even more than the children, all of us working together. She early learned it was a mistake to bluff and pretend she knew when she didn't. It was much better to be frank and say "I do not know. Let's try to find it out together. Perhaps you will learn before I do." When they did, it gave them a great feeling of self-confidence. They were indeed "Young Explorers." Together we were learning the Song of the Earth, and it was a good one to know.

In another year we worked out a "Nature's Daily What Is It?" Later I

found a similar device in the Audubon Nature Camp, which many of you have attended, and may remember. I liked Dorothy Treat's title better, "Nature's Daily Mystery" and later adopted it for use in our 4-H Wild Life Conference Camps where for years I had charge of the Nature Activities.

Briefly, this is a wall chart with "Nature's Daily Mystery" printed on it, and attractively decorated — cut-outs, water colors, black and white sketches. In school it is well to change it seasonally, or even monthly, as the chart becomes soiled, and also, children like "new faces." On this chart the Daily Mystery is thumb-tacked, either the object itself, a picture, a statement, a query, perhaps even a bit of verse, or conundrum. It can take any form.

Near by, on shelf or table, is a closed box, with a slit in top, for answers, a pencil, small slips of paper. The child writes his name, the answer to the "mystery" and places it in the box. At the end of the day the teacher or leader takes down the mystery, checks names and answers. The following morning a new "mystery" is put up, the correct answer to the old one given, and names of all children who answered it correctly, given. I found it easiest to list children's names alphabetically, with a check after them for each day the correct answer was given. The children took pride in making good scores. Some striving for 100. Stars — green, red, silver, golden. End of month — begin over. Some collect several gold stars.

Great ingenuity can be exercised, not only in mystery, but in manner of presentation. Of course, it should be adjusted to the age of the child. And always important, there should be a "Key" to the mystery somewhere in the room, either in books, wall displays, charts, Nature Exhibits, etc.

Here is an example:

He is somewhat of an acrobat,
If you watch him you will see,
Instead of hopping upwards,
He hops head first down a tree.

Name him.

Some years ago I had a class of teachers, in Kinston, in eastern North Carolina. I introduced the Mysteries there, and remembered the biology teacher of the high school where we held our classes was enthusiastic but said, "But I could never find a new Mystery for every day in the month, much less a year."

I suggested many ideas, how she could have some ahead, some for emergencies and that the children would bring some.

Three years later she wrote:

"We are still using the 'Mysteries' and they are more popular than ever. We

haven't missed a single school day's mystery. There's a mad rush each day for the children to get to class to see the day's mystery and to be one of the first to get it. Usually the whole high school drifts in some time during off periods of the day to see what we have, and we rate a write-up in the school paper several times a year. My chief regret is looking back to the boys and girls who passed through my biology classes in the years before, without any of this Nature work."

Nature can be used in an important role in allaying fear. I recall a trip to the High Rockies, when a child in the party was terrified of the heights, the hair-pin curves and yawning chasms, so much so that finally she slid down to the floor of the car and covered her head. (I've seen grown folks do that, too.) Yet it took such a little thing to arouse the child's interest in her surroundings and make her forget her fear. At one of the stops, very casually I suggested that she and I ride in the same car, and on the same side (the river side), and see which of us would first spot a water ouzel. We were riding along one of the rivers — the South St. Vrain. The strange name aroused her curiosity and she began to forget her fear at hearing about the small gray bird that not only likes tumbling, rushing streams, but can even walk on the bottom, looking for insects, that can actually fly under water, that sometimes builds its nest behind waterfalls, seeming to *like* going through a curtain of falling water or spray.

Birds were an almost unknown world to this child, but she became so enthused that she forgot her fear of space and heights in her interest — and in her desire to be the first one to spot the bird, that before the day was over her mother had to caution her about *not leaning so far out the car window!*

Last summer, on our way to Alaska, we stopped at Banff and took the famous Ski-Chair Lift "swooping down the mountain" — just about the next thing to flying like a bird. One had to get on and off the moving chair as it was going over a platform, and I remember the criticism of the mother who let her two children be put on individual lifts ahead of her. An attendant fastens a guard across one's lap. Later, I talked to that mother. "I want my children to have the beautiful, awe-inspiring experience, yet to realize there was really nothing to fear, if they just sat quietly and looked and did not do any foolish 'rocking of the boat' as it were." And how thrilled those children were at the experience, especially when some older people had been too afraid to try.

continued on page 5

Along Nature's Path

continued from Page 4

I thought, then, of the time, years ago, when I had gone to my first 4-H Camp. There was a lovely small lake, a good swimming instructor and lifeguard. It was my first introduction to the Buddy System, which makes swimming so much safer. In fact, no water activities were ever safer than those. Yet there were five disconsolate children on shore; their mothers had made them promise they would not go in the water, if they did, she would find out and they would have to drop out of the 4-H Clubs. Two of those children were boys. Some years later I read that one of those boys had drowned. A sudden squall had upset the boat where they were fishing on the river — and one boy could not swim. *What price, needless and unwise fear!*

Again, snakes and fear seem to be a natural with far too many people. Yet we have so many harmless, and beneficial snakes, so few poisonous ones! Why not teach children, and adults, too, to identify the few poisonous ones, and avoid them, and forget about the others! Our State Museum has published an excellent Poison Snakes Leaflet, partly in color, which sells for ten cents. From it, using cut-outs, I have made a large snake chart, which I've used in many talks at schools, camps, clubs, classes, etc. Whenever I make a talk, I usually take along several of the leaflets, urging people to buy them and become familiar with the snakes that should be feared.

In this world of Nature, we need to reach more than children. You, who are leaders, can do something about that in your community. Establish Bird Clubs, and see how much you can advance the cause of conservation, and an interest and understanding of the healing powers of Nature, through them. In 1937 a group of us organized the Raleigh Bird Club, and soon after called a state-wide meeting of bird lovers, to Raleigh, and organized the North Carolina Bird Club, which became so popular that a few years ago South Carolina joined us. Carl Buckheister, of the Audubon Society, tells me we are doing more and better bird work than any other state in the East, next to Massachusetts and Florida. We publish a Bird Bulletin four times a year, have Spring and Christmas Census, have brought some of the best speakers in the field to the state, have sponsored the Audubon Screen Tours in 7-8 cities in North Carolina, have 3-4 state-wide Field Trips a year, to such places as Fontana, in the Great Smokies, Charleston and Bull's Island, Mattamuskeet, the largest waterfowl sanctuary on the east coast, etc.

We have done bird work in schools, have local field trips during migration, made sanctuaries of many cities and towns, sponsored bird work in schools, placed bird baths in such places as county homes, state hospitals, veteran's hospitals, etc. Club membership is usually open to all ages, and in Raleigh, in particular, we stress the fact that bird study can be a family hobby and we have many family memberships. We see to it that children have a place on the program.

Another way to reach adults in particular, is through the written word. That is how most of my Nature work is being done today. You, too, could do that. Try to get a Nature, or an Out-Door, or Bird Column or Corner in your local paper. In the beginning it won't pay much and you may have to combat indifference. Mrs. Comstock told me that when she started her Nature writing she usually had to let magazines have it free, editors felt they were being generous in allowing her space. Ed Teale had the same experience.

When I started my Out-Door column, beginning with Bird Articles, the editor of our paper was not interested. "You are doing very well with your general feature articles (I was syndicating many of them as Sunday features in the five largest newspapers in the state), no one is interested in birds or the outdoors, except in hunting and fishing — and that's not your field."

But I was insistent, and he was a polite Southern gentleman, and more to get rid of me than anything else, he agreed to run them for two months. "If we get no response we'll drop them. For God's sake be accurate but don't go too scientific and technical. Our readers just won't take it." But we did get a response. Teachers began using them. That pleased him and he said, "We'll do eight more, by then they'll have run their course." Before the time was up, a request came from the Department of Education to have them revised and published in book form, by the University Press, for supplementary readers. He was a pleased editor. Some time elapsed and he phoned, "Come down and we'll talk over something else." We did a series on trees, and they, too, were published by the University Press. Another interval — and another call — "Why haven't you been down to talk over something else?" In conference, we decided to cover anything in the field of Nature, and Out-of-Doors in Carolina has been a regular Sunday column in the Raleigh News and Observer, which services nearly half the state — ever since. If it had had a birthday cake this December, it would have rated eighteen candles.

I am always surprised and pleased at

the letters I receive. They are a cross-section of our people. Teachers and students, of course, asking for materials, suggestions, or something they want me to write about. From farmers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, store-keepers, and housewives. What pleased me very much, and yet made me feel humble and brought a sense of responsibility that I must work still harder to get across this feeling for Nature and understanding of conservation, was the result of a Reader's Survey sent out by the paper last winter. Out-of-Doors rated highest of the local columns, higher even than Eleanor's *My Day*. Only Drew Pearson and Dorothy Dix rated higher!

Above everything, I feel I received the real accolade in a letter, badly spelled, written in pencil, on lined paper, by a tenant farm wife. She had been a mill worker, used to people around her, before she married and went to live on a farm, where she was lonely and unhappy. At the end of her letter she said: "Miss Jinny (that was the pioneer State Home Demonstration Leader) got my old man to cut a window in the kitchen over my table and you cut a window in my soul. Before I begun readin all you writ about birds and trees and flowers and stars and things, I never noticed that pine trees had flowers — an I got one right in my own yard. I never noticed the red birds mate looked diffrent, but now I got me a bird bath and suet on the trees an a window shelf to feed the birds, just like you writ about. An now I watch everything — I like to look up at the stars, too, and watch things come out in the spring — and somehow life ain't so lonely anymore."

And that, my friends, is a sermon in itself. Never have the clouds over our world seemed so dark, never have people so needed release from loneliness, from boredom, from heartache, from fear — and where better can they find some release than in learning to walk along Nature's Path. You are the leaders to show them the way.

THE CONSERVATION FRONT

continued from page 1

tected as well as possible. Estimates of the number left range from eight to forty.

The National Park Service suffered appropriation cuts, the most serious being the item for construction. Much work needs to be done since the Service is far behind in needed construction that was at a standstill during World War II. By executive order of the President 504 acres were added to Muir Woods National Monument through gift from the William Kent Estate Company.

Welcome Wagon

Thanks to Bill Vinal, Ruth Hopson, Leo Hadsall and Wilbur Bull, we are able to welcome some brand new members.

Patrick R. Caporale, 2024 Effie Street, Fresno, Calif.

Miss Sophie Jahr, Beach, North Dakota
Roger L. Norden, St. Dept. of Conservation, Marquette, Michigan

Bonnie Templeton, L. A. County Museum, Los Angeles 7, Calif.

Monte Flag, Sargent Camp, Petersborough, New Hampshire

Mrs. Marguerite Schwarzman, 2422 Harney St., San Diego 10, Calif.

Three Bugs

(To quote a small piece of anthropomorphic poetry, by Alice Cary, with due apologies to all stern naturalists!)

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for two!
And one was yellow, and one was black.
And one like me or you.
The space was small, no doubt for all;
But what should three bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly crumbs for two;
And all were selfish in their hearts,
The same as I or you;
So the strong ones said,
"We will eat the bread,
And that is what we'll do."

Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two would hold;
So they all three fell to quarreling, —
The white, and black, and the gold;
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And one was out in the cold!

So he that was left in the basket,
Without a crumb to chew,
Or a thread to wrap himself withal,
When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,
And so the quarrel grew.

And so there was war in the basket,
Oh, pity 'tis, 'tis true!
But he that was frozen and starved,
at last

A strength from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rugs from both of the bugs,
And killed and ate them too!

Now when bugs live in a basket,
Though more than it well can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree, —
The white, and the black, and the gold —
And share what comes of the beds and the crumbs,
And leave no bug in the cold!

Observation Tower

Our Treasurer, Ray Gregg, left some days ago on a field trip and will not be back in his bailiwick before October 1. He said before he left, that he was leaving some checks with Dick (the beautiful) Westwood, and Richard was to pay duly certified bills.

From this steaming tower this would appear a rash move. We saw a candid snap of La Westwood taken by Glidden Baldwin at an ANSS meeting and it showed our one-time Prexie just handing out the money like mad with a broad smile on his face. He wasn't even looking at the lucky recipient of his (?) largesse. Oh well.

The Caravans are not all in at this date, so it is too soon to give any reports on how the workshops, scattered over the country side, fared.

Those of you who were lucky enough to go on any of those wonderful jaunts, might drop the editor a line.

Southgate Y. Hoyt

The many friends of Southgate Hoyt will be deeply grieved to learn that he died of cancer on June 1.

He was 38 years old, held the degree of B.S. from Washington and Lee University, and M.S. and Ph.D. from Cornell University. He had been, until his death, associated with the Laboratory of Ornithology, Conservation Department of Cornell. In the summer he was Director of Natural History at Cold Spring Harbor Biological Laboratory, on Long Island.

Mr. Hoyt was well known for his work with the Pileated Woodpecker, but his interests were very broad in natural history and conservation. He belonged to numerous scientific societies and had published a few articles and notes. He did a lot of photography, both movies and stills of all phases of natural history and lectured to many groups with the aid of his pictures.

For several years he had given the *Know Your Birds* program over WHCU. His Pileated Woodpecker "Phloeo" that he had kept in captivity for 9½ years, was known all over the country. He was a born teacher who was never too busy to stop and answer questions for anyone, child or adult and his home was a veritable museum, to which all children were always welcome. He started many a youngster on a career in biology. He had been Scoutmaster of the local troop and

leader locally of outdoor and nature activities.

Though he had been ill, and suffering, for over the last five years, and had undergone five operations, still he had continued his work, his teaching, lecturing, and photography and was known for his cheerfulness and courage.

He is survived by his wife and two brothers. His wife, Sally Hoyt, is planning to continue as much of his work as she can, adding to his file of color slides and movies, lecturing and completing his unfinished writings.

VEEP

by DICK WESTWOOD

In *The Lost Woods*, our ex-president, Edwin Way Teale writes about Roger Toiy Peterson, our vice-president, saying:

"In Jamestown, N. Y., where Roger Peterson was born, he was not, he is free to admit, a model boy. Regimentation rubbed him the wrong way. The do-it-because-you-are-told-to-do-it rules of the Jamestown school system fed his non-conformity. He still holds the dubious distinction of having been spanked oftener in Sixth Grade than any other boy in the history of the school. Seven times in one term, he trudged down the Via Dolorosa to the principal's office. The bill of particulars against him ranged from dropping a lighted match in the dry grass of the lawn to climbing down the fire escape instead of marching two-by-two along in the prescribed Noah's ark manner.

"In the second half of the Seventh Grade, a sudden change came over him. His science teacher, Miss Hornbeck, organized a Junior Audubon Club. The leaflets she distributed turned Roger Peterson's attention to nature. It was, a good many people agreed, a great day for Jamestown."

Miss Hornbeck also used to go on bird walks with the youthful Roger.

At the Cleveland meeting Grace Maddux discovered that Miss Hornbeck was living in Cleveland, not currently teaching on account of her health. So Grace and Bruce Maddux invited the little lady to the annual dinner. She sat beside her one-time student at the head table and they had a great time talking over Jamestown days. Before the dinner we found the two of them in the Statler cocktail room with Herb Brandt and Warner Seely. Miss Hornbeck was drinking Coca Cola; Roger was not.

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